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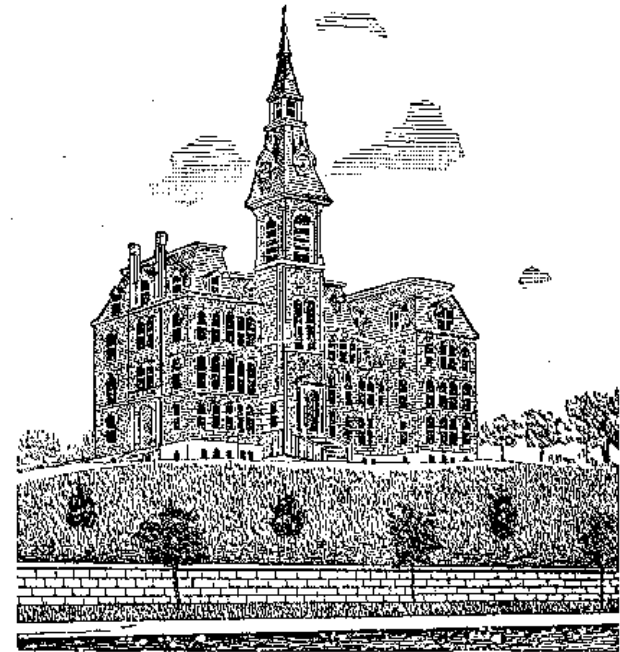
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THE

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Vol. IV. November, 1889. No. 3.



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THE HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER.

VOL. IV. OMAHA, NEB., NOVEMBER. NO. 3.

THE REGISTER.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published the last Thursday in each month, from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Fifty cents per school year, in advance; by mail, sixty cents.

Contributions respectfully solicited.

Editorial Staff.

F. B. HARRIS, '90, | Managing Editors.
G. B. HAYNES, '90, |

MISS ETHELWYNNE KENNEDY, '91,
MISS MOLLE SARGENT, '91,

MISS CLARA CLARKSON, '92.

MR. CHARLES SAVAGE, '93.

WALLACE TAYLOR, '91, Sporting Editor.

CARLISLE ROWLEY, '90, News Editor.

Entered as second class matter at the Omaha P. O.

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Why can't the school have one of those nice entertainments that used to delight us last year? If somebody will take hold and organize a movement of this kind the REGISTER will help all it can and furnish printed programs as its share of the work. We will always remember that minstrel show as the best we ever had and if we could get up another like it the REGISTER will bet its cow hat that we will make a greater hit than ever. Wal, why

can't you do something with this? We believe we remember your countenance in the last one.

THE Agassiz Association is in need of more members. All boys who take an interest in natural history are wanted. This is a High School institution and should have the name of every boy naturalist in the school on their role. It has a splendid management this year and is sure of success.

THE REGISTER is sorry to announce that its special artist is no more. He saw the error of his ways at five minutes past two on Friday, the eighth day of November, and stabbed himself with a stuffed fence picket, dying in five beautiful tableaux to slow music, and will probably not be able to furnish any more engravings. Loss fully covered by insurance.

THE next number of the REGISTER will be the Holiday Number, and pursuing their set policy of improvement over anything that has come before, the REGISTER will promise the school something real interesting. We won't say what because that would spoil the surprise and half the pleasure, but as we believe we have lived up to our promises thus far, you can take that as a guarantee that we will have something rather nice.

If you want anything to appear in the REGISTER, or you know of any piece of interesting news or personals, write it out and hand it to the editor of your grade. We are always tickled nearly to death to receive anything of this kind as it shows that you are interested in the paper. If you ever go off on a trip or have taken some interesting journey or visited some interesting place, write it out and give it to the REGISTER. Don't be afraid to do

this. If it is not quite what we want we will destroy it and tell no one, but if it will bear publishing (and nearly all will) we will print it with the name of the writer or not, just as he likes. This is not for any one grade, but for the whole High School, ninth graders not excepted.

THE REGISTER suggested in its last issue that the seniors hold a class social. This is an idea which could be carried out with pleasure and profit. The expense would be small and the pleasure resultant would so far overbalance this that it is scarcely worthy of a thought. The Board, without a doubt, would allow us the use of the rooms and piano and what else is needed, but a little gas of both kinds. Will not some one take up the idea and carry it through, and the REGISTER will not be backward with its aid and influence.

ALTHOUGH the REGISTER has had rather a hard opinion of the ninth graders up to date, we find that they are doing uncommonly well in their studies. Since we found that out we have a great deal more respect for them and, after all, that's what they came to school for, and not for the purpose of subscribing for the REGISTER, as we seem to think. Well, if they will let us off this time we will patiently wait for our revenge till the time comes when they are seniors and try to run the REGISTER. We earnestly hope that the ninth grade they tackle will be unable to read.

THE REGISTER wishes to call the attention of the Board of Education to the condition of hooks in the High School cloak rooms. They are inadequate, both in number and quality. A great many of the boys wear derby hats, especially the seniors, and although the hooks do well enough for overcoats, when it comes to hanging a derby hat on them they are a total failure. They are too short, and if a person in passing happens to rub against one of them, off goes the hat to be trampled under foot and ruined. We have seen several hats ruined this year by this

means and the REGISTER, in behalf of the derby element, respectfully asks the board to procure longer hooks for our cloak rooms.

THE twelfth grade is just beginning to realize that they are seniors. Heretofore they have acted much as in old times, such as hanging out of windows, fighting in the room and making a great deal of noise, but the REGISTER is glad to notice that this is gradually subsiding and their actions are becoming more like those of young ladies and gentlemen. Although we have some difficulty ourselves in following "the straight and narrow path" we are going to do the REGISTER's share of holding up the honor of the class of '90 and to walk along the hall with our head well up and no whispering.

It has been decided by the management of the paper to put the exchanges of the REGISTER in the book case of the XII grade room so that the whole High School can have a chance to read them. We get papers from all over the United States, and most are exceedingly interesting to anyone and especially to a high school scholar. We hope that from them the ninth grade will get a few ideas which will prove useful in after life and show them that they are in a different school altogether from that in which they thought they were. They now belong to the Omaha High School, of Omaha, Douglas Co., Nebraska, and are no longer eighth graders as some of them seem to think.

THE citizens of the fourth ward are complaining of the manner in which the High School is encroaching upon the Central School and have sent wordy resolutions and petitions to the Board asking to have the encroachments stopped, etc., etc. There has been one little peculiarity plainly evident upon the part of the petitioners; none of them, as far as noticed have sons or daughters in the High School. This building, as the REGISTER understands it, was built for a High School. At any rate,

the corner stone would warrant such a conclusion. They want an addition built so that both High and Central schools can be quartered in the same building. If an addition is built it will not more than accommodate the High School from its present prospects for growth; and even if one large enough to accommodate both schools should be built there would still be dissatisfaction. The petition affirms, with great deference, that they are in favor of the High School and are much pleased at its prosperity, etc., etc, yet wish to cripple it by depriving it of room. There is none too much now. The REGISTER at the beginning of the year earnestly sought for a place to rest its weary bones, but no room for a sanctum was to be obtained. The Board of Education, in reply to this petition, have voted to submit bonds for the erection of an addition to the High School, which, in the humble opinion of the REGISTER gleaned from the feeling shown by the greater part of the citizens, will be lost. What is needed, and for which the people of Omaha would vote bonds in a minute, is the erection of a building somewhere in the vicinity of the High School for the accommodation of the primary and grammar grades of the fourth ward. The REGISTER has no idea that the people of Omaha will allow our beautiful grounds to be spoiled by the erection of another building on this site.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Every boy during his life time must have his share of crazes; he must collect postage stamps, bird's eggs, butterflies and an endless list of curiosities and from which, although some people think it foolish, he derives a world of information and pleasure.

In accordance with this law, about a year ago, I wanted to be an amateur photographer. This idea worried me for some time until after plenty of work and scheming I found myself the proud possessor of an outfit. We will assume that all who read this know something about amateur photography; have been thinking, or have thought at one time in their lives

that they would like to own a camera and try their hand at a picture or two. That was just my fix, and as I don't know any better way of making you acquainted with the subject I may as well tell you my experience. I paid \$20 for my outfit, and bought it of Geo. Heyn. [This is not an ad.] It consisted of a camera, complete with tripod and lens, a complete developing outfit and chemicals, etc., for printing and toning the picture after taking the negative.

I labored under the impression all this time that all I had to do was to get my outfit and this thing of taking pictures was solved forever. I had a sort of dim idea the machinery inside the camera did all the work and that all I had to do was to look on and pretty soon a little bell would ring and the camera would hand out a dozen of pictures all finished and mounted. I don't know where I got this idea, but strongly suspect some fellow that wanted to sell me a camera and also some catalogues that I had read.

Well, it was just such an outfit as I wanted, and after taking it home I, of course, set about to take a photograph. There was a small book of instruction accompanying the outfit, and from the directions given I set up my camera, arranged my dark room, and, everything being ready, the next day I sallied forth with my camera to take a picture. Immediately on leaving the house four small boys took up my line of march and stuck by me through the whole performance, thus materially aiding in making me commit more blunders than I otherwise would have done. After looking around I decided to take a photograph of the paternal residence, so I set up the camera according to the directions, put my head under the cloth and after some experimenting succeeded in getting a pretty good focus, and was just congratulating myself when I was unexpectedly surprised. On taking my head from under the focusing cloth I found my audience had increased. Three men, four young ladies and about fourteen kids were now watching the performance

with great interest. Although at first it made me rather nervous, my spirits arose to the occasion and I resolved that I would act as if I was used to this sort of thing all my life and never let them know that I was a green horn from Green Hornville.

Although I had misgivings, I put on a look that plainly said: "Ladies and gentlemen, watch me do the next act," and sailed in. I had read my directions pretty carefully and knew that the next act consisted in taking off the cap and exposing the plate. Be or taking off this cap, however, it is necessary to pull out a slide in the plate holder. This I forgot to do, and serenely took off the cap and exposed the plate to the light for about two minutes. In the matter of exposure my book of directions was woefully deficient and, in the light of later knowledge I should have exposed about two seconds. After I had put on the cap to the lens I suddenly noticed that I hadn't pulled the slide out. I felt extremely foolish, but recovered on remembering that the audience knew nothing of my mistake, so I pulled out the slide and exposed again for about the same time as before. I then picked up the camera and went into the house out of sight of the public and proceeded to develop the negative.

Up to this time I imagined that I had been an immense success, but I was soon to come down from my high perch. I went into my little, hot, cramped up dark room and sweat for three quarters of an hour waiting for that picture to appear. My book of directions failed, as usual, just when wanted, and although I did everything it said to do, and when that failed a great deal it didn't, there was no picture. By the time a dozen more pictures(?) had followed in the footsteps of this one I began to get disgusted and to think that I wasn't built for a photographer. I looked at my camera with feelings closely allied to contempt and disdain and went and laid it on a shelf for a space of some months.

Things might have remained in this way for an indefinite period had I not happened to make friends with a professional pho-

tographer who had once been an amateur and who was acquainted with some of the sticking points. I got a great many pointers from him, and with the help of a new manual managed by infinite care and trouble to take and finish a fair photograph. I was the happiest fellow in Omaha. And from that time on I have steadily grown more expert until at the present time, ladies and gentlemen, I am probably—well, say the most expert photographer in Omaha.

There are quite a number of amateur photographers in the High School and it is this reason that induced me to write this article. When the REGISTER man called on Mr. George Heyn to solicit advertisements, in the course of a conversation Mr. Heyn said that if a society of amateur photographers was formed at the school he would give generous prizes to the one who produced the best work. The REGISTER advises all those who own a camera to hand their names to Mr. Harry Akin, twelfth grade, and we will see what can be done in the way of organizing an amateur photographic club.

In the January issue of the REGISTER when there will be more space than could be spared in this issue I will tell all I know about practical field work. How to expose, develop the negative and to print and finish the photograph.

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

And there was a great want of news to the editor and he was unable to sleep on account of the anxiety for the success of the REGISTER. But obtaining a little sleep he knew a dream.

And it seemed to him that he was in New York and in the hotel he happened upon one of the senior young ladies returning home from her bridal tour, and it becoming known that the editor had not as yet viewed the town her husband attempted to lend him twenty-five dollars so that he might stay over to the next day and thus be rid of his company home.

And again it seemed to him that he was riding over to Council Bluffs on the elec-

CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE WORD MORE.

Taking courage from the article that appeared in the October REGISTER in regards to the social condition, or rather, non-social condition of our school, I venture to give the author my regards, and say a few words to encourage this movement.

The question is: "Shall we or shall we not reform this condition?" Surely, the answer should be, "we shall."

Strangers to our school have given it the reputation of being a very hard school to get acquainted in, and, from my own experience, I must say the same. Why not have a committee of introduction in each of the four grades to welcome new pupils?

We can excuse this state of affairs in the ninth and tenth grades, but when it comes to the juniors and seniors there is no excuse. Why cannot the seniors devote one hour after school each week to social intercourse and form a society and give entertainments. And why can not the juniors do the same? Are there no volunteers to start these movements?

The objection may be raised that school is school and that we should spend our time in study. Those who are of that opinion must be reminded of the old proverb: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

I think we can gain the support of the teachers, for instead of taking the attention away from study it will infuse a new interest and give a scholar more ambition to get better lessons. ANON.

AN EXPOSURE.

The Rye Straw Club has been attended solely by boys until recently when they became so "Glory Hallelujah" that they thought that the girls would have a somewhat quieting effect on the club.

We were invited to attend a meeting and did what we could for the poor things, but alas, we were treated with gross ingratitude! In the October REGISTER a storm of ridicule in the shape of bitter and cutting sarcasm and other literary brick bats

tric machine, and riding past several nasal dye works, viewed a number of juniors imbibing. And it seemed to him that the conductor was Chas. Meyers, and lo, suddenly Chas. Rosewater seemed to mount the car and after attempting to rob the conductor, in which he was frustrated by the gallant conduct of the editor, he fired the contents of his revolver into the conductor's heart, and sitting down by the road side, proceeded to prepare his Virgil for the next day.

And again the editor seemed to come into these ancestral halls and viewed the seniors, and he seemed to be surrounded in a circle by laughter, and from this it spread to all sides. And fearing muchly he awoke.

And, moreover, what it is to see such a dream may be learned from what happened after the dream. For lo, and behold, such a pain seems to have seized him in the granulator that he wished he had been killed instead of the conductor.

EXPERIMENTS.

A number of interesting chemical experiments were performed before the physiology classes last Friday by Prof. Richardson. The action of oxygen and nitrogen on the lungs was illustrated and it was shown that oxygen was a great supporter of combustion. A number of mice were expected, but did not arrive, and Prof. Richardson experimented with a lighted stick, explaining that wherever a flame could exist an animal could also.

In burning phosphorus in oxygen a large receiver was broken. This, with the help of another accident where a girl spilled a bottle of ink in her lap served to enliven things considerably. The experiments would have been understood better had the animals been present. Their absence was regretted by all, but it was probably for the best that they were absent. That is, best for the animals.

A young man inquiring as to whether there was any pretty scenery out in Walnut Hill was answered, "No, but there are some pretty seniors."

fell upon our devoted heads. But please remember that the writers are in the most calm, placid, peaceful, contented and unruffled state of mind imaginable, and that they propose to remain so. **SOME GIRLS.**

ATHLETICS.

WAL TAYLOR, EDITOR.

The seniors challenged the juniors to a "match" game of foot ball about two weeks ago. There were fifteen seniors and five juniors, but after some wrangle the seniors consented to play a game with the right number on a side. The seniors chose eleven men and the juniors chose six from the lower grades and so the game commenced with quite a handicap for the juniors. Some of the seniors put on the clothes which they wear in the chemistry laboratory and went in for rough and tumble.

The game was very exciting from beginning to end. The seniors were rather green about knowing when to cry "held" but they soon got over that.

In the very beginning Butler kicked the ball through the seniors' goal but referee said it was no go because it was a goal kick in the kick off.

The seniors secured two goals by kicking the ball through the goal after some hard work. This finished the game, which lasted an hour and a quarter. Butler looked up the rules and found that the ball must be kicked over the pole instead of under, but by high school rules the seniors won.

The game had few brilliant plays, being distinguished by steady hard work on both sides. The "scrimmages" were frequent and rough although none were hurt. Robinson did some good work near goal and Huggate kicked the last goal.

The juniors were not heavy enough; being forced steadily back in both games. This is not all wonderful as there seems to be only about four juniors who are at all heavy while every senior in the school is almost a man in weight and stature.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Did you see Roland fool 'em?

Say, Butler, didn't it kinder surprise?

Harry Akin took part in the game.

Wertz: O get off my head about a million of you.

Hascall did good work for the juniors, so did Cooley.

Silas got the ball, put his head between his shoulders and that settled it.

Ed Bradley failed to show up on the Monday following. His case is not serious.

Shorty Knight declined to play as he was very tired. He had been rolling pumpkins.

Silas Brewster will make a good foot ball player in time—he has plenty of practice on pumpkins.

Our boss editors Haynes and Harris put on their white canvas chemistry pants which loomed up like a ! ! ! !

The small boys of the ninth and tenth have been playing "shinney" all their spare time.

This thing of killing a fellow just because he happens to wear a pair of white pants has got to be stopped. G. H.

Down! Down!! DOWN!!! Say, why in thunder don't you get off my neck? Don't you see the ball's half way to China?

What a pity it is that an editor who has such a good chance to tell people what a daisy he is on the field, and how he astonished the natives, don't do it!

We were out to see one of the Y. M. C. A. foot ball games recently when one of the men missed an easy catch we heard him say an awfully bad word. He said damn.

We hope a great many of the High School students will be present at the athletic exhibitions which are to take place on Thanksgiving day. The first thing on the programme will be an exhibition of how to carve an ancient turkey gracefully (?) by papa. The next in the order of the entertainment will be the corraling of several pieces of Mr. Turkey's carcass between our massive jaws (not all at once) and convince his turkeyship that we are quite muscular. Don't worry, we'll do justice to the occasion.

PERSONALS.

Miss Nettie Sherwood has returned to school.

Miss Maod McClure visited school one day last week.

Mr. Carrol Carter took a flying trip to Ashland last week.

Miss Louise Holtorf is with us again after a short illness.

Mr. Mon. Beals has given up going to Ann Arbor this year.

Mr. Will Shannon comes from Baltimore and joins the tenth grade.

Mr. Chas. McConnell, '86, is now with A. B. Meyer & Co., this city.

Mr. George Hempel, formerly of '90, is attending the Omaha Business College.

Mr. Frank Luseuring, former editor of the REGISTER was in the city on the 9th.

Mr. Patton burned his hand quite severely with phosphous in the chemical laboratory.

Miss Florence Frost, '87, is spending the winter at Colorado Springs for her health.

Mr. Frank Carmichael was seen on the street the other day, looking as healthy as ever.

Miss Jessie Parsell and Lulu Knight, both of '80, paid a flying visit home this month.

Mr. Harry Johnson has recently returned from a trip to Denver and visited the school recently.

Miss Nellie Hall and Miss Gertrude James visited the laboratory on Wednesday and thought it was just immense and—

Miss Emily Cully, '90, has been compelled to leave school on account of her health. The REGISTER hopes that '90 will see her again.

Mrs. Huntington, *nee* Ball, of the class of '78, has returned to her home in N. Y. City, after a six months stay in Omaha, visiting friends.

Mr. Chas. R. Sherman, for the past seven years with Kuhn & Co., has associated himself with Mr. H. B. McConnell in the drug business.

Miss Margaret Cook returned from a three weeks visit to California on the 12th. She reports a very enjoyable time and looks the better for her trip.

The friends of Miss Carrie Mausfield will be sorry to learn that she has been obliged to leave school on account of ill health. She will return after the holidays.

Miss Grace Carter, '91, Mr. Carl Rowley, '90, and Mr. Buman acted in "David's Cantata," which took place at the Emanuel Baptist Church on the 7th and 8th inst.

Mr. Will Barnum has decided on a mercantile career and is hard at work at Paxton & Gallaghers. Will has that about him that makes us think that we will one day see him the head of some large firm.

OTHER SCHOOLS.

Foot ball is the only game played at the colleges, the season closing on Thanksgiving day.

The St. Paul High School now has the stars and stripes hoisted above their building every day.

There are about 150,000 people in the United States who study the prescribed course of instruction of the Chautauqua Association.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have an addition and will hereafter educate both man and woman. The move was not liked by the students.

Three Yale students now languish in jail charged with the offense known in college parlance as "hazing," but in the common vernacular of the land as maltreatment.

Supt. John Jasper of the New York City public schools, received Thursday, a check for \$3,000 which is to provide for the college expenses of twelve young men for one year.

Yale college has more freshmen than ever before in its history and, owing to its great prominence and superiority in athletics and literature of late years, is come to be regarded as the first college of the country.

Every high school of any note in the east has a military company, and many have a battalion. The school board procure the guns and accoutrements from the government through a special act of Congress which provides for the education of American youths in this manner.

There has recently been a queer institution of learning started in Russia, namely, "A School Wagon." It is a car fitted up into a class room, library, etc., suitable for teaching scholars. This is taken by rail to those towns where they have no schools and in this way educational advantages are distributed among Russia's many people.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

At the last meeting of the Board of Education little business was transacted that had any direct bearing on the High School. A committee of citizens living in the vicinity of the High School protested against the action of the Board in ordering the lower grades out of the Central School to make more room for the High School. Their spokesman, Mr. Robertson, said that he believed the High School to be a good institution in its way, but that the other grades should not be crowded out by its growth and argued that the school had been built for the grades and not for the High School. He was quickly squelched by Wehrer, who wanted to know why it was named the "High School." The Board would not change their action.

The proposition to vote bonds for a new addition to the High School was brought up and will be decided at the next city election. If carried, we will gain much more room and partly destroy the symmetry of the yard.

FISHING WITH ROD AND REEL.

It is not merely for the sake of getting fish to supply his table, that the angler spends so many days on the lake or river. He loves to fish, not on account of the value of what he catches, but because he finds in this pursuit the keenest exhilaration and delight, and, in these days spent

in the open air a tonic more potent than all the physic a man might swallow in a twelve-month. To give his sport an object, he wants to catch something, to redeem it from wanton cruelty, he wishes what he catches to be of use. But what he seeks first and foremost is a good time, and I have never known an angler that has learned to use rod and reel, who would not rather catch one fish in this way that ten with the old fashioned tackle. This is an answer to the oft repeated question "what is the use of all this fancy outfit, when a good cane pole and stout line would be so much surer?" To the densely practical soul, there is an answer even better than the one I have suggested. Who has ever fished at all, and not known what it is to sit all day long with hook in the water so temptingly baited that any fish with half an idea must be sure to swallow it, and yet the fools wouldn't bite! Fish are more cunning than is generally supposed, and in waters much frequented are quick to learn to be on their guard. The dip of the oars, the mere presence of the boat, and above all, the sight of the fisherman, will often make them suspicious. With the tackle I am about to describe, the experienced angler can place his bait in any spot he desires within a radius of fifty feet or more from the boat so gently and naturally as not to alarm the fish. Hence he will often go home with well filled creel, when with old fashioned pole and line he might work a week without the least success.

The rod is generally from seven to ten ounces in weight. Upon the butt is fastened a reel, holding from seventy-five to three hundred feet of line, and even nine hundred for some kinds of fishing. The line is made of linen or silk, very fine and light, by no means so strong as the uninitiated would suppose absolutely necessary. I might be accused of telling "fish stories" if I were to say what has actually been done with light tackle, and will content myself with stating that a thirty pound muskallonge can be handled on a line that a dead weight of eight pounds would break. A line capable of sustaining a

weight of half a pound is strong enough to hold a five pound bass if the rod is in the hands of the right man. The line passes through rings or eyes fastened to the rod, and through an eye at the tip, and is arranged to run out or reel in freely at the will of the fisherman. After hooking his prey, the angler usually holds his rod in the left hand, with thumb resting upon that portion of the line which is wound upon the reel and acting as a brake, so that by a gentle pressure he can regulate the outward movement of the line or stop it altogether. Now is the moment for the exercise of all his skill and watchfulness. Any undue eagerness to secure his fish, would probably result in its loss, and perhaps the destruction of his tackle. On the other hand, he must be alert to prevent the fish from getting into weeds or brush, or from going to the bottom to burrow in the water grass or from doubling upon the boat so suddenly as to slacken the line. For if the line is not kept taut the fish will, unless very firmly hooked, throw the hook out of his mouth and escape. Here is where the lightness and springiness of the rod comes into play. With a stiff, clumsy pole it would be well nigh impossible to follow the sudden rushes of the fish, and keep the line always tense. It must either break or slacken. To meet this difficulty the rod is made of some elastic material, at once yielding and tough, so that it can be bent almost into a hoop, and yet fly back to its former shape the instant the strain is removed. Letting out or taking in line when necessary with the reel and keeping the rod always bent, so as to hold a constant pressure on the fish and anticipate any sudden movement on his part, the fisherman can tire out and capture a very large one. This sometimes takes a long time. For instance, I recollect reading of the capture, by a lady, of a muskallonge of over twenty-five pounds weight. It took over four hours to tire out and bring this fish to gaff. This word brings me to the mention of another part of the usual outfit. To land a large specimen, such as a good sized salmon, tarpon, muskallonge,

or striped bass, a gaff is often used. This is a large barbless hook, made of steel, and fastened securely to a stout wooden handle. When the fish has been reeled in, and lies exhausted on the surface of the water, the gaff is passed under his gills, and by means of this he is lifted into the boat or drawn to shore. For smaller species, as bass and trout, a light net called a landing net is used.

A great deal of interesting reading on this subject is to be found in Dr. Henshall's books on "The Black Bass," and in some of the recent numbers of "Scribner's Magazine." * * *

ABOUT BOSTON.

Mr. Harries, of the Washington (D. C.) *Star*, now traveling with the Pan-American delegation, tells a story of the Boston High School which the *Register* is first in making public. The legation from the other Americas, when in New England's biggest city, visited the schools. One of the teachers made quite a talk before the visitors, stating that the Boston High School is the largest, best managed and most efficient school of its kind on the continent. Said speaker closed by inviting any one to ask questions of the graduating class. One of the foreign delegates put a question in respect to one feature of the Constitution of the United States, but the class could not answer it. The delegate at once placed himself in the attitude of instructor and told the class the meaning of the clause. True, but humiliating.

The graduating class of the Omaha High School is almost ready to challenge the Boston boys to a competitive contest.

NOVEMBER.

"The bullfrog has hung up his fiddle,
The bug and the cricket are still,
And no more can be heard in the marshes,
The musketo filing his bill."

—Josh Billings.

If your name is to live at all it is much more to have it live in people's hearts than in their brains.—O. W. Holmes.

IN THE OFFICE.

I was sitting in the office
Quite late the other night,
When, glancing at the book case,
I saw a marvelous sight.
There stood Virgil and Cicero,
And brave old Caesar too,
Physiology and Botany
And bashful little Zoo.
Physics and Astronomy,
With Chemistry between,
Shaw's Lit and Kellog
And a history by Green.
Greek Prose and Latin Prose,
And German books in store;
Algebra, Geometry,
And a great many more.
And as I sat, bewildered,
I heard a whisper faint;
'Twas Physics calling Chemistry
A perfect little saint.
And while I watched her blushing
Grave old Astronomy,
Forgetting stars and comets,
Made love to Botany.
Then Shaw's Lit said to Kollogs
'Oh, promise to be mine,'
And Cicero asked Latin Prose
To be his Valentine.
Then all the other studies
Made haste to join the sport
And I forgot my sorrows
For a time—alas, how short!
For I heard a well known step
Outside the office door;
The books settled in their places
And all was still once more.

The following from *The Cadet* has attracted our attention:

"The Warden was handed a petition which was very largely signed by the cadets on the 21st of May. It was as follows: 'We the undersigned respectfully request that we may have this afternoon as a holiday in honor of your birthday. We would not like to let the occasion pass without any observance on our part and we are sure that a half-holiday would impress it on our memory better than any-

thing else.' Notwithstanding the good wishes of the cadets to honor the day, the Warden respectfully but firmly declined the request, while thanking them for the good will shown in presenting it. Excuse pleaded—press of work for the coming examinations."

If there is one thing on the face of this earth that we do like to see, it is something like this. Here these boys were willing to go without any school for half a day just for the sake of honoring their beloved teacher. Yes, sir, and they went to all the trouble of getting up a petition to show how anxious they were to honor him. But, alas! As too often happens in this world, their good intentions were frustrated. This ungrateful Warden didn't have any better sense than to "plead" off and bust up the whole thing. This thing of the teachers taking things in their own hands is getting altogether too common and should be stopped, and we wish the cadets better luck next time.

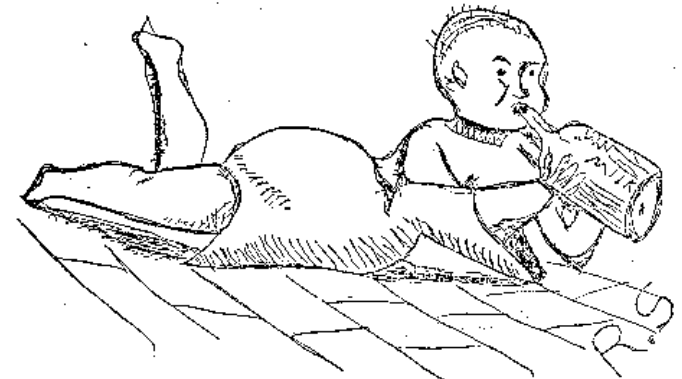
PLAIN TRUTHS IN QUEER SPELLING.

Attention to one's helth ma be kompared to a karpenter sharpening his toolz ere he begins his wurk. The most eminent men were alwayz at their wurst when the system waz out of tone.

Suspicious people are never in want of material to wurk upon; and what iz still more strange they never manage to nock their rites out ov the wurld. They're watching everybuddy and everybuddy iz watching them.

A mon who appears stupid, but who in reality iz not so, makes a very dangerous enemy, because yure never prepared for hiz attack. My dere friend, habituate yourself to read people of this kind. Rekollekt, birdz of gorgeous plumage are the wurst singerz.

Iph yu wish to earn the respekt and esteem of yure akwaintances, len to sympathize with them in their misfortunez. Iph you can not do this with a tru and sincere spirit, in heavenz name don't try it at awl, or God mite cut you short in the midst ov yure hypakrisy,



THE REGISTER'S GALLERY No. 2—A NINTH GRADER, O. H. S.

NOTES.

We, the Seniors.
I have just went.
Chorla! Vot you tank?
"Mein liehaber Vormund."
I don't like Christmas trees.
See Joplin & Co., for stationery.
Samuel Burns, crockery and glassware.
Where, O where is the "Lazy Crazy?"
Suffer yourself not be betrayed with a string.
Robinson & Garmon, clothing and gents' furnishing.
Hey! you fellers, keep still; I want to study my Greek.
Hey! You fellows stand around here till I get dressed.
Know ye not that a little leven leveneth the whole pump?
Chemistry is the most popular study of the senior course.
Amateur photographers—See Heyn' for outfits and supplies.
The liver pads are distributed about the 27th of every month.
The very young boy is around again with his bean blower.
The astronomy classes have finished the book and are reviewing.
"Mr. —, what day of the month is it."
"Why, November, I think."

S. R. Patten, dentist, room 310 Range Building. Telephone No. 56.

We, the people of the United States.
That is a title to be proud of.

One of the *very funny* boys in the ninth grade spells physiology "fizolljy."

The chemistry classes were honored by a visit from the Board of Education.

The ninth graders have an alarming affluity for the seniors encyclopedias.

Ed. S. Beaubien, cigars and tobacco, 402 North 16th street, Omaha, Neb.

Notice.—Anybody admiring phonetic spelling should examine the compositions.

Miss L.—The prime factor is c, I should think that you could see (c) that for yourself.

We were all very sorry to see Mr. Batton obliged to play the role of "Wounded Hero."

Did you see Roland suddenly point the telescope at a place where there wasn't any star?

Don't have your watch repaired until you see Lindsay, the jeweler, 1518 Douglas street.

Miss G.—(In physiology class)—"The oesophagus is a muscular tube about 30 feet long."

"The mopping owl doth to th—" "Why mopping? Mopping is to clean the floor with a rag."

A problem for the algebra pupils—If a is four times b and four more, what will the answer be?

If any bones are found lying around loose, please box them and send them to M. D., tenth grade.

The German class will soon take up Schiller's Marie Stuart, which they hope to find very interesting.

Mr. G.—"The trachea is a long flexible tube rising in the thorax and flowing downward into the intestines."

When the Greeks became hungry why didn't they go over to Mrs. Pleaks and get two sandwiches and a bun.

In last month's issue the ninth grade reporter's name was spelled Darnille. It should have been Darnelle.

Back numbers or files of the REGISTER may be obtained upon application to the managing editors and settling.

Everybody go to Gwin & Dunmire for sporting goods of all descriptions. Headquarters for gymnasium goods.

A junior girl has conceived the idea of laying her blue cards in the sun and bleaching them before taking them home.

Some of the teachers do not believe in the bonds of friendship, for the best of friends are separated in the study room.

FOUND—A small monkey doodle knife. Also a small tintype which any one, but its original, may call on us for its return.

It has been said that the Greeks were lacking in modesty. Nevertheless some of them lost their toes through mortification.

Little lumps of phosphorus,
A gentle little turn;
Makes a little flame come up
And the trousers burn.

Miss Lewis lost her pocket book a week or so ago. She hasn't seen it since. Please return to REGISTER if found, also any others.

A course of dime novel reading has commenced in the ninth grade study room the fifth hour. To be taken behind bookkeeping book.

The chemistry classes have caught up in experimenting and will, after this, recite and then experiment as near afterwards as convenient.

Even the senior young gentlemen have not got over the habit of using expressions of strength just because certain things do not go right.

If our back hair appeareth a little scant do not lay it to a barber. Alas, no. It was a more serious matter. It was taken out by the roots.

Our teachers lie themselves to a little room, shut the door and eat their lunches together and in peace. We mustn't tell about the scholars.

A woman can afford to be very brave when she is sitting on a high platform and a little mouse is running around below. Ask Miss G.

Bowman & Co.'s enlarged and newly equipped photo gallery for good work at reasonable prices. Tintypes a specialty. 205 N. 16th street.

Don't express your opinion very forcibly on an article until you have read it over carefully three times. Even you sometimes make mistakes.

The composition classes have been trying to decide whether America has produced any great men. Of course it has; haven't you seen the REGISTER.

Blath has threatened to "do up" the whole staff the next time anything about him appears in the REGISTER. Will some one please come to our assistance?

We would like to find some young gentlemen who would like to become an advertising solicitor for the REGISTER. Apply to one of the managing editors.

The effect of the Sunday closing law upon the Trojans, Aeneas had to go around to the back door, knock three times and whistle once before he could get a beer.

The painters are at work on the gymnasium and are getting it in apple pie order. Nevertheless it doesn't look half as inviting as the old gym, with its flying carpets and scrapping matches.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MT. VERNON HALL, PERU, Neb.

Dear Old Register:

People seem to have a mistaken idea of our school. Many appearing to consider it only a normal school, while here are young ladies taking a higher course of study, young men studying for the ministry, medicine and law. There are eight girls here from Omaha, five of these being from the High School, preparing to teach the young idea how to shoot. And in anticipation of settling down to our lot of staid and sober school marm's, we are working off our surplus vitality by various amusements, chief among which are dancing, turning somersaults, playing leap-frog, making crockery pie, walking on the wall, and others of a like nature.

Of course, we have societies, chief among which is the Philomathean—and what lively debates we do have.

To vary the monotony of debate last time the boys gave a minstrel show. It was too cute for anything.

Most all of the boys play on some musical instrument and some of them have very nice voices, so they come around and serenade us often. It is fun to hear the girls clap them from all parts of the dormitory.

I wonder if they ever notice how suddenly the lights go out and white robed figures fill the windows. Then Miss Morgan appears suddenly with "Girls! girls! you will catch cold, put something around you."

We have lots of fun, but how busy they do manage to keep us. I used to think that I studied pretty hard when I was in the High School, but my! I didn't even know what it meant.

The great question here is "Why?" And what a large amount of trouble that little word does cause. The reason for everything has to be given.

I see that I have already filled up my space so will close with regard to all old friends in the Omaha High School.

JESSIE PARSELL.

Wilbur was indignant when it was said that he spelled physiology "phiology." He came to the editor, a day or two later, saying that he could spell physiology now and pointed to the board on which was written "physiology."

Quite a number of High School scholars think that the editors of the REGISTER commit its contents to memory and go about delivering it orally. This is not the case, if you want to know what is in the REGISTER, take it and read for yourself.

O girls! girls!! girls!!! Do wake up and write something for the REGISTER. The young ladies on our staff can't do all the work. Let people know by some means that you are in High School. Send us anything. We'll take care of it.

In physiology class, teacher giving an illustration of how the breath acts.—"If two or three boys were coming in the door and as many were going out, what would be the result?"

Answer, from a "kid."—"A scrap."

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.—For cleansing and preserving the teeth and hardening the gums and imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath use Leslie's Myrrhine. For chapped hands use Leslie's Meladerma. Prepared and sold by Leslie & Leslie, Pharmacists, 16th and Dodge streets.

Miss Little, of the *World-Herald* visited our school the fore part of this month for the purpose of letting the people know we live. She, of course, paid her respects to the REGISTER. Among other things which she pointed for the *World-Herald* is the fact that some of us (us boys) have "incipient mustaches." In defense we would state that we can only raise ten cents per month, each one has to take his turn. The following is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: "Mr. Lewis, the principal of the High School, has advanced ideas about discipline and also about a great many other things connected with education. That is the reason High School pupils appear to really enjoy going to school and learning things out of books with long hard names."

EXCHANGES.

The *Academy Monthly* is filled with a long windy article on the history of the school. In our opinion the readers of the paper would like it better if it were cut down to a page or two and more space devoted to school news and other matters of interest.

The *High School Bulletin*, which still continues to be our best exchange, answers perfectly to our definition of a first class school paper. Neat and business like in appearance it interests a reader from the first page to the last.

We cannot see what object the *Howard Times* has in view in publishing such a large paper. Out of about twenty columns only one is composed of original matter.

The *Academy* contains a first class article on foot ball. Every foot ball player in the schools would do well to read it. Its editorials are also good and the paper all through seems to have identified itself with school life.

We must thank the *Premier* for the handsome notice given us in their last issue. This number is up to their usual high standard and we particularly like their athletic department. Foot ball seems to be the great game of the high schools of this country and we hope soon to have a good team to represent the great O. H. S.

We would suggest that the *Advances* give a little more space to their exchanges and locals and cut down some of their classical productions.

The *Literary Monthly*, filled with able articles from the pen of the students of Park College is at hand. It is a neat issue and bears the evidence of hard work on the part of its business manager.

N. J. EDHOLM.

FUNNY COLUMN.

Old Gentleman—Little boy, I am grieved to see you smoking a cigarette.

Willie Korf—What are ye given us? Yer don't s'pose a young gent with my allowance can sport a meerschaum?

Hiawatha is such an easy poem to write parodies about that the wags cannot resist the temptation to dash them off. Here is the latest:

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside,
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

First Cadet—"Did you ever smell powder?"

"Second Cadet—Yes."

"Where?"

"On a Vassar girl."

There was a young man from Nebraska

Who took a short trip to Alaska,

But a large polar bear

Came out from his lair

And devoured the young man from Nebraska. —Original, ninth ed.

In Germany teachers are poorly paid. At a meeting of teachers some one proposed the toast: "Long live our school teachers."

"What on?" asked a cadaverous looking specimen rising from his seat.

ARTHUR M. AKIN.

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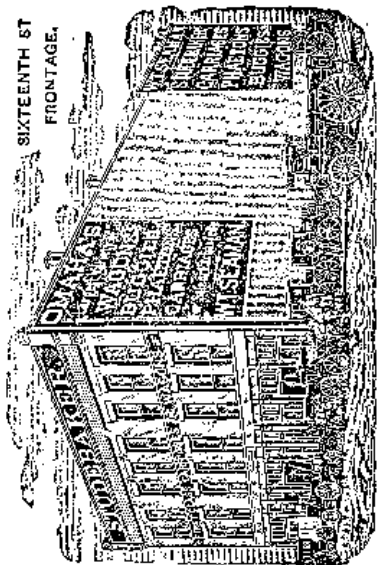
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